MAD CAVE 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION PRESENTS

MORNING STAR™

5

MORNING STAR

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WHAT DID YOU SAY?
THE CANDLE. THE SPECIAL ONE THAT DAD GAVE YOU. IT BURNS.
YOU'RE CHARLIE...*MY* CHARLIE?

NOT REALLY.

I CAN'T... I CAN'T DO THIS *ANYMORE...*

SHOOT! STUPID SIGNAL-- WON'T *LAST.* LET ME SEE...MAYBE IF I ADJUST THIS...THE WAVELENGTH IS--

LET ME TRY NOW!

CHARLIE, WE HAVE TO SHOW HER--

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO DO, MARABETH?!

MARABETH?!

PUSSSSH

JO, STOP FIGHTING IT.

SPLAKKK

...WE'RE TRYING TO HELP YOU.

JUST STOP...

YOU'RE TORTURING ME!

SPLAKKK

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE, JO. LET IT GO. COME HOME. COME.

YOU BELONG WITH US.

MOM?! NOOOOO!

PLUSSSSSH

YOU TOOK MY HUSBAND! YOU TOOK MY CHILDREN! YOU WANT ME, TOO?!

BRACK

FINE--

YOU WANT ME TO BURN IT?

I'LL BURN IT.

I'LL BURN IT ALL--

MOM?

WE'RE NOT TRYING... MOM, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU.

NO.

NOOOOO!

YOU'RE. NOT. REAL.

WAIT! I CAN EXPLAIN. IT'S EASIER NOW THAT CHARLIE AND I ARE TOGETHER. BUT YOU HAVE TO STOP FIGHTING IT. YOU HAVE TO LET GO.

YOU HAVE TO LET *DAD* GO...

...SO WE CAN GET HIM *BACK.*

NO... NO...

NO... DON'T DO THIS... I CAN'T... I DON'T WANT TO... HURT YOU.

FLASHBACK

MOM.

THE ONLY ONE YOU'RE HURTING IS YOURSELF.

PLUSSSSH

KRAK-THOOM

MOM.

COME WITH ME.

I CAN'T... WHATEVER YOU WANT FROM ME... I CAN'T...

YOU *CAN*, MOM!

JUMP! JUST LIKE DAD. A SIMPLE JUMP IS ALL IT TAKES.

LET GO OF EVERYTHING. JUST FOCUS ON ME... AND *JUMP!*

SSSSSTT

BOOOOM

WE HAVE CONNECTION. BOND FORMED.

JOLENE GARRETT, YOUR TIME OF TORMENT IS OVER.

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY HAVE SUFFERED ENOUGH, BY OUR HAND...

...AND BY OUR MEASURE.

OUR CONSTRUCTS WERE MADE FOR OBSERVATION NOT... INTERACTION.

YOUR ANGUISH IS OF OUR DOING AND THE BURDEN OF YOUR RELIEF IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

MOM!

FINALLY!

MARABETH? IT'S REALLY...

IT'S *ME.* I'M REAL. IT'S ALL... REALLY *REAL.*

THEY MADE A MISTAKE, MOM.

AND ONLY *WE* CAN HELP THEM FIX IT.

CHARLIEEEE!

MY CHARLIE!

MY BABIES... MY BABIES...

THERE HE IS...

MY CHARLIE.

IF YOU *EVER* SCARE ME LIKE THAT AGAIN...

IT WASN'T JUST US...

WE CAME TO YOU, TO UNDERSTAND, IN A TIME OF GREAT UNREST AND TURMOIL.

THINKING PERHAPS THAT YOUR HUMANITY WAS DEFINED BY YOUR AGGRESSION, HATRED, AND SELF-DESTRUCTIVE TENDENCIES.

BUT WE'VE LEARNED THAT YOUR CONFLICTS TAUGHT US VERY LITTLE OF WHO YOU REALLY ARE--

--OF WHAT YOU CAN TRULY BE.

AND THAT WAS WHEN WE SELECTED OUR SUBJECT.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF YOUR KIND'S BEST ATTRIBUTES.

IT'S OKAY, MOM.

HIM.

NATHAN.

HE SHOWED US, THE SMALLEST OF YOU, THAT IT WAS NONE OF THOSE QUALITIES THAT DEFINE YOU.

THAT IT IS PART OF YOUR VERY NATURE, EVEN IN THE HUMBLEST OF YOUR KIND, TO POSSESS THE ABILITY TO SEE THE UNSEEN--

--TO REVEL IN THE POSSIBILITY OF WHAT CAN BE.

WE LACK THIS. AND WHAT WE LACK, DEFINES YOU.

MOM... WE CAN... TOGETHER...

HELP HIM.

NATHAN? *NATHAN!*

JOLENE? ARE YOU WITH ME?

WHAT IS THIS? HOW DID I...

...LEO?! WHERE IS LEO--I CAN'T LEAVE HIM THERE!

NOW THAT *YOU'RE* HERE, DAD, WE CAN BRING UNCLE LEO OUT, TOO.

WE CAN SAVE YOUR *WHOLE* TEAM.

SO IT WAS *YOU? ALL* OF THIS? *HOW?* HOW DID YOU DO IT?

I USED MY *IMAGINATION.*

OW-- AND MARABETH HELPED. WE *ALL* HELPED *EACH OTHER.*

AND WHEN I SAW MYSELF FLYING WITH THE *JETPACK...* AND A...*RAYGUN?!* WAS THAT *REAL,* CHARLIE?

AM I SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT WAS THE *FUTURE?*

IT WAS *A* FUTURE, MOM. ONE OF *MAAAAANY!*

WE *ALWAYS* BELIEVED YOU BOTH WOULD DO THE UNIMAGINABLE... BUT THAT DIDN'T PREPARE US FOR *THIS.*

WHERE SHOULD WE GO? *WHEN* SHOULD WE GO? WHAT SHOULD WE *DO?!*

ANYWHERE. ANYTIME. *ANYTHING?*

SO LONG AS WE'RE *TOGETHER,* CHARLIE.

THE POSSIBILITIES ARE *ENDLESS.*

End.

SPECIAL PREVIEW

KOSHER MAFIA

NO. 1

HAZAN
KIVELÄ
WRIGHT
BOWLAND

MAD CAVE 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS.
CLEVELAND, OH.

7 TISHREI 5697.

THAT IS...
23 SEPTEMBER
1936.

NOW.

BRIING

HI, MRS. BERKOWICZ. MY NAME IS EPHRAIM GOLD. I WORK WITH YOUR HUSBAND.

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU SO LATE, BUT THEY SENT ME HERE TO DELIVER AN URGENT MESSAGE TO HIM PERSONALLY.

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEATEN HIM HOME, BUT HE SHOULD BE 'ROUND ANY MINUTE.

COME IN, COME IN. I'LL FIX YOU A PLATE WHILE YOU WAIT.

LOVELY TO MEET A FRIEND OF HOWARD'S FROM WORK.

I GET TO MEET SO FEW.

Mmhmm. LOVELY TO MEET YOU ALSO.

HOWARD TALKS SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.

YOU HAVE A LOVELY HOME, MRS. BERKOWICZ.

SIT, SIT. AND PLEASE, CALL ME SARAH.

ESS GEZUNTERHEIT.

UNLUCKILY FOR THE CHILDREN, THEY ARE ALREADY IN BED, ***HOPEFULLY,*** FAST ASLEEP. THEY LOVE MEETING NEW PEOPLE.

BUT, PROBABLY, LUCKILY FOR YOU.

LET ME KNOW IF YOU WANT ANYTHING ELSE, BY THE WAY...

ZEESKEIT!
I'M HOME...
HELLO, HOWARD.
WHAT THE HELL IS *HE* DOING HERE?!

HOWARD BERKOWICZ! WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?!

HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO A GUEST LIKE THAT? MR. GOLD HAS COME ALL THE WAY FROM THE OFFICE TO DELIVER AN URGENT MESSAGE TO YOU, AND *THIS* IS HOW YOU GREET HIM?

Uhh... umm...

THE CHILDREN...

...COULD YOU...COULD YOU CHECK ON THEM, PLEASE?

I'M SORRY, MRS. BERKOWICZ, THIS IS MY FAULT.

THE MESSAGE I HAVE FOR HOWARD IS ONE I MUST DELIVER *PRIVATELY.*

OF COURSE, OF COURSE. IT'S JUST SO RARE I GET TO MEET ANYONE FROM HOWARD'S WORK.

OY, BUT YOU HAVE BUSINESS TO DO.

MR. GOLD.

THANK YOU FOR SPARING MY WIFE ALL OF THIS.

SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE TO SEE IT.

SO YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, THEN?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THEY SAID I WOULD BE ALLOWED TO RETIRE...WITH SEVERANCE.

=Scoff=

ARE YOU SERIOUSLY THAT MUCH OF A *PUTZ*? YOU WORK FOR THE ***KOSHER NOSTRA.***

WHEN THEY SAY ***SEVERANCE...***

...THEY MEAN ***THIS.***

AND WHEN THEY SAY ***RETIRE,*** WELL...

"...THEY SEND *ME.*"

MR. O'LEARY!

I THOUGHT WE HAD AN AGREEMENT THAT YOU AND YOURS WERE TO KEEP YOUR NOSES THE HELL OUT OF OUR BUSINESS.

LITTLE HOLLYWOOD.
18 HOURS EARLIER.

OH YEAH?

WHAT OF IT?

WELL, IMAGINE MY SURPRISE TO FIND GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE LITTLE IRISH *SCHMUCKS* HERE HELPING YOURSELVES TO WHAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU.

THAT'S NOT HOW THE STORY--

FINN, *SHUT UP.*

NOBODY CARES ABOUT THE FUCKIN' FAIRY TALE.

I HAVE MY ORDERS.

SO THE REAL QUESTION IS-- HOW EXACTLY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO STOP US? YOU'RE OUT--

Read the full story in
KOSHER MAFIA
NO. 1
August 2024

MORNING STAR™

No electricity.
No telephones.
No transportation.

No Escape.

MAD CAVE®

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"